Ru. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack.*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat hee is no-come, by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug Hee is wiſe Sir; hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him, take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare, heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Maſter Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now good Maſter Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy puncto, thy ſtocke, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is hee dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king Vrinall; *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that mee haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (Maſter Doctor) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions: is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter,